Daphnaïda.

An Elegie vpon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, *Daughter and* heire of *Henry* Lord *Howard*, Viſcount *Byndon*, *and wife of* Arthure Gorges *Eſquier.*

Dedicated to the Right honorable the Lady *Helena*, Marqueſſe of *Northampton.*

By Ed. Sp.

AT LONDON
Printed for William Ponſonby, *dwelling in* Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of the Biſhops head 1591.

Phot. of H.E.H. 69577

To the right Hono-

rable and vertuous Lady *Helena* *Marqueſſe of* North-hampton.

I Haue the rather preſumed *humbly to offer vnto your Honor the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was aſwell the great good fame which I heard of her deceaſſed, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her huſband Maſter* Arthure Gorges, *a louer of learning and vertue, whoſe houſe as your Ladiſhip by mariage hath honoured, ſo doo I finde the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realm; and ſuch as haue euer borne themſelues with honorable*

reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides so linially are they descended from the Howards, *as that the Lady* Anne Howard, *eldest daughter to* Iohn *Duke of* Norfolke, *was wife to Sir* Edmund, *mother to Sir* Edward, *and grandmother to Sir* VVilliam *and Sir* Thomas Gorges *Knights. And therefore I doo assure my selfe that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children doo so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble familie. So in all duetie I recommend this Pamphlet, & the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection.* London *this first of January.* 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer.

E. Sp.

Daphnaïda.

WHat euer man he be, whose heauie minde
With griefe of mournefull great mishap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increase would finde:
Let reade the rufull plaint herein expreſt
Of one (I weene) the wofulſt man aliue;
Euen ſad *Alcyon*, whose empierced breſt
Sharpe ſorrowe did in thouſand peeces riue.

But who ſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be baniſht farre away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrowe heauilie can ſing;
For euen their heauie ſong would breede delight:
But here no tunes, ſaue ſobs and grones ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweete harmonie,
Let thoſe three fatall Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Doo weaue the direfull threds of deſtinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian ſtrands,
And griſly Ghoſts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun
After his dayes long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweatie ſteeds now hauing ouer run
The compaſt ſkie, gan water in the weſt,
I walkt abroade to breath the freſhing ayre
In open fields, whoſe flowring pride oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beautie faire.

There came vnto my minde a troublous thought,
Which dayly dooth my weaker wit poſſeſſe,
Ne lets it reſt, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauineſſe,
Which ſhe conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneſſe and lifes wretchedneſſe,
That yet my ſoule it deepely doth empaſſion.

So as I muzed on the miſerie,
In which men liue, and I of many moſt,
Moſt miſerable man; I did eſpie
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſt,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray:
And *Iaakob* ſtaffe in hand deuoutlie croſt,
Like to ſome Pilgrim come from farre away.

His careleſſe locks, vncombed and vnſhorne
Hong long adowne, and beard all ouer growne,
That well he ſeemd to be ſum wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He ſighed ſoft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenance,
Me ſeemd I had his perſon ſeene elſewhere,
Moſt like *Alcyon* ſeeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie Shepheard ſwaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt becauſe of his diſguize,
I ſoftlie ſayd *Alcyon*? There with all
He lookt a ſide as in diſdainefull wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning back he ſaide with hollow ſound,
Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedſt man that treades this day on ground?

One, whome like wofulneſſe impreſſed deepe
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And giuen like cauſe with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe findes ſome eaſe by him that like does beare,
Then ſtay *Alcyon*, gentle ſhepheard ſtay,
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truſtie eare
Committed, what thee dooth ſo ill apay.

Ceaſe fooliſh man (ſaide he halte wrothfully)
To ſeeke to heare that which cannot be tolde.
For the huge anguiſh, which dooth multiplie
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doo I care, that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap, or any weepe that would,
But ſeeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.

Then

Then be it ſo (quoth I) that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpitied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cauſe, which thee theretoo conſtrained:
Leaſt that the world thee dead accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to bee vnbound
From the ſtrong ſhackles of fraile fleſh (quoth he)
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occaſion of his death to bee:
Rather deſires to be forgotten quight,
Than queſtion made of his calamitie,
For harts deep ſorrow hates both life and light.

Yet ſince ſo much thou ſeemſt to rue my griefe,
And careſt for one that for himſelfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie caſe relate,
Then harken well till it to ende bee brought,
For neuer didſt thou heare more hapleſſe fate.

Whilome I vſde (as thou right well doeſt know)
My little flocke on weſterne downes to keepe.
Not far from whence *Sabrinaes* ſtreame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with ſiluer liquor ſteepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle ſheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell as I the fields did range
Feareleſſe and free, a faire young Lioneſſe,
White as the natiue Roſe before the chaunge,
Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues impreſſe,
I ſpied playing on the graſſie playne
Her youthfull ſports and kindlie wantonneſſe,
That did all other Beaſts in beawtie ſtaine.

Much was I moued at ſo goodly ſight;
Whoſe like before mine eye had ſeldome ſeene,
And gan to caſt, how I her compaſſe might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught diſporting on the grene,
And brought away faſt bound with ſiluer chaine.

And after wards I handled her ſo fayre,
That though by kind ſhee ſtout and ſaluage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions haire,
And of the race, that all wild beaſtes do feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan ſo to my bent,
That ſhee became ſo meeke and milde of cheare,
As the leaſt lamb in all my flock that went.

For ſhee in field, where euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or els in ſleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch, or ſleepe;
And euermore when I did ſleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

Safe then and ſafeſt were my ſillie ſheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildeſt beaſt:

All were I drown'd in careleſſe quiet deepe:
My louelie Lioneſſe without beheaſt
So carefull was for them and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepeheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their laſſes which my luck enuide,
Daylie reſort to me from farre and neare,
To ſee my Lyoneſſe, whoſe praiſes wide
Were ſpred abroad; and when her worthineſſe
Much greater than the rude report they tri'de,
They her did praiſe, and my good fortune bleſſe.

Long thus I ioyed in my happineſſe,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh fond man, that in worlds fickleneſſe
Repoſedſt hope, or weenedſt her thy frend,
That glories moſt in mortall miſeries,
And daylie doth her changefull counſels bend:
To make new matter fit for Tragedies.

For whileſt I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruell *Satyre* with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of miſchiefe ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadlie ſmart:
And reft fro me my ſweete companion,
And reft fro me my loue, my life, my hart,
My Lyoneſſe (ah woe is mee) is gon.

Out of the world thus was ſhe reft awaie,
Out of the world, vnworthie ſuch a ſpoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray:
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle

Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heauie plight;
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe.
Certes *Alcyon*, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued Lioness;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassaless:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, *Daphne* thou kneweſt (quoth he)
She now is dead; ne more endured to say:
But fell to ground for great extreamitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightlie him vprearing,
Reuoked life that would haue fled away,
All were my self through griefe in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate:
As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,

Becomes more fierce and ferue nt in his gate;
And breaking foorth at laſt, thus dearnelie plained.

1 What man henceforth, that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenlie powers adore?
Which ſo vniuſtlie doe their iudgments ſhare;
Mongſt earthlie wightes, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which do tranſgreſſe,
And do not ſpare the beſt or fayreſt more,
Than worſt or fowleſt, but doe both oppreſſe.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world ſo fayre, ſith faireneſſe is neglected?
Or whie be they themſelues immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She faire, ſhee pure, moſt faire moſt pure ſhee was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
Yet ſhee in pureneſſe, heauen it ſelfe did pas.

In pureneſſe and in all celeſtiall grace,
That men admire in goodlie womankinde,
Shee did excell and ſeem'd of Angels race
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wiſedome and with chaſtitie:
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (ſince fayre *Aſtræa* left
The ſinfull world) more vertue in a wight,
And when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great hope; and robd her race of bountie quight:
Well may the ſhepheard laſſes now lament,
For dubble loſſe by her hath on them light;
To looſe both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let *Eliſa* royall Shepheardeſſe
The praiſes of my parted loue enuy,
For ſhe hath praiſes in all plenteouſneſſe
Powr'd vpon her like ſhowers of *Caſtaly*
By her own Shepheard, *Colin* her owne Shepherd,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of ruſtick muſe full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Roſe, the glorie of the day,
And mine the Primroſe in the lowly ſhade,
Mine, ah not mine; amiſſe I mine did ſay:
Not mine but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for ay:
O that ſo faire a flower ſo ſoone ſhould fade,
And through vntimely tempeſt fall away.

She fell away in her firſt ages ſpring,
Whil'ſt yet her leafe was greene, & freſh her rinde,
And whil'ſt her braunch faire bloſſomes foorth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kinde:
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde:
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

2 What hart ſo ſtony hard, but that would weepe,
And poure foorth fountaines of inceſſant teares?
What *Timon*, but would let compaſsion creepe
Into his breſt, and pierce his froſen eares?
In ſtead of teares, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted haue, my heart blood dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire bloſſome fell.

Yet fell ſhe not, as one enforſt to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging diſcontent

But as one toyld with trauaile downe doth lye,
So lay ſhe downe,as if to ſleepe ſhe went,
And cloſde her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe;
The whiles ſoft death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoule aſſoyld from ſinfull fleſhlineſſe.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She all reſolu'd and ready to remoue,
Calling to me(ay me)this wiſe beſpake;
Alcyon,ah my firſt and lateſt loue,
Ah why does my *Alcyon* weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghoſt, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chanſt ſome cuill tourne?

I,ſince the meſſenger is come for mee,
That ſummons ſoules vnto the bridale feaſt
Of his great Lord,muſt needes depart from thee,
And ſtraight obay his ſoueraine beheaſt:
Why ſhould *Alcyon* then ſo ſore lament,
That I from miſerie ſhall be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long impriſonment?

Our daies are full of dolor and diſeaſe,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant paine,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe.
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remaine?
Or why ſhould he that loues me,ſorie bee
For my deliuerance,or at all complaine
My good to heare,and toward ioyes to ſee?

I goe,and long deſired haue to goe,
I goe with gladneſſe to my wiſhed reſt,
Whereas no worlds ſad care,nor waſting woe
May come their happie quiet to moleſt,

But

But Saints and Angels in celeſtiall thrones
Eternally him praiſe, that hath them bleſt;
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs paſt,
My yong *Ambroſia*, in lieu of mee
Loue her: ſo ſhall our loue for euer laſt.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long:
So hauing ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt:
Weep Shepheard weep, to make mine vnderſong.

3 So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeaches doo compare,
The which my ſoule firſt conquerd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endles care;

And when thoſe pallid cheekes and aſhy hew,
In which ſad death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghaſtly night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and chearfull brow,
Which all the world ſubdued vnto it;
How happie was I then, and wretched now?

How happie was I, when I ſaw her leade
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſſe with roſie garland crownd?
And when ſhe liſt aduance her heauenly voyce,

Both

Both Nimphs and Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtownd,
And flocks and ſhepheards cauſed to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard laſſes, who ſhall lead
Your wandring troupes, or ſing your virelayes?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your bliſſe be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the ſame fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard ſound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleaſance: but let ghaſtlineſſe
And drery horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauineſſe.

Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadfull yells:
Let ſtreaming floods their haſtie courſes ſtay,
And parching drougth drie vp the chriſtall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring foorth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyſe of dolefull knells,
And wandring ſpirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature nurſe of euery liuing thing,
Let reſt her ſelfe from her long wearineſſe,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monſters full of vglineſſe:
For ſhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No nurſe, but Stepdame cruell mercileſſe,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder ſong.

My

4 My little flocke, whom earſt I lou'd ſo well,
And wont to feede with fineſt graſſe that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter *Aſtrofell*,
And ſtinking Smallage, and vnſauerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with thoſe weeds cor-
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew, (rupted,
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you my ſillie ſheepe I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelfe, for whoſe confuſde decay
To careleſſe heauens I doo daylie call:
But heauens refuſe to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth ſcorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone, that moſt deſires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrighteous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forſake,
By liuing long to multiplie their paine:
Els ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great Iudge at firſt did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they haue tane away;
For worthie of a better place was ſhe:
But me vnworthie willed here to ſtay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her according their decree,
And to her ghoſt doo ſeruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other end,

And in affliction waſt my better age.
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may finde;
So will I wilfully increaſe my paine.

And ſhe my loue that was, my Saint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtiall throne,
(In which ſhee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pitie me that liuing thus doo die:
For heauenly ſpirits haue compaſsion
On mortall men, and rue their miſerie.

So when I haue with ſorowe ſatiſſide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me ſeeke,
And th'euens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my ſufferance meeke,
Will ſend for me; for which I daylie long,
And will tell then my painfull penance eeke:
Weep Shepheard, weep to make my vnder ſong.

5 Hencefoorth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure finde:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
So ſoone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of minde,
And mocking ſuch as thinke they long will ſtay.

I hate the heauen, becauſe it doth withhold
Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mold
Of fleſhly ſlime and fraile mortalitie:

I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flyes,
I hate the Ayre, becauſe ſighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, becauſe it teares ſupplyes.

I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my loue to ſee;
I hate the darkneſſe and the drery night,
Becauſe they breed ſad balefulneſſe in mee:
I hate all times, becauſe all times doo flye
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed bee,
But as a ſpeedie poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeake, my voyce is ſpent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares:
I hate to taſt, for food withholds my dying:
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my fleſh is numbd with feares:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and ſhun all womankinde;
The one becauſe as I they wretched are,
The other for becauſe I doo not finde
My loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt,
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or paſt.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth euer too and fro,
And neuer ſtandeth in one certaine ſtate,
But ſtill vnſtedfaſt round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midſt of miſerie,

Driuen with ſtreames of wretchedneſſe and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing ſtill does dye.

So doo I liue, ſo doo I daylie die,
And pine away in ſelfe-conſuming paine,
Sith ſhe that did my vitall powres ſupplie,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht fro me, why ſeeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolor and diſdaine?
Weep Shepheard weep to make my vnder ſong.

6 Why doo I longer liue in lifes deſpight?
And doo not dye then in deſpight of death:
Why doo I longer ſee this loathſome light,
And doo in darkneſſe not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrow ſhould haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it ſo vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I finde it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to dye muſt needes be ioyeous,
And wiſhfull thing this ſad life to forgoe.
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My *Daphne* hence departing bad me ſo,
She bad me ſtay, till ſhe for me did ſend.

Yet whileſt I in this wretched vale doo ſtay,
My wearie feete ſhall euer wandring be,
That ſtill I may be readie on my way,
When as her meſſenger doth come for me:
Ne will I reſt my feete for feebleneſſe,
Ne will I reſt my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heauineſſe.

But as the mother of the Gods, that ſought
For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
Throghout the world, with wofull heauie thought;
So will I trauell whileſt I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
To looſe his teeme, will I take vp my Innne.

Ne ſleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine ey-lids more;
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore,
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I ſee the ſtarres to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call,
How my faire Starre (that ſhinde on me ſo bright)
Fell ſodainly, and faded vnder ground;
Since whoſe departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a *Venus* ſtarre is found.

But ſoone as day doth ſhew his deawie face,
And calls foorth men vnto their toylſome trade,
I will withdraw me to ſome darkſome place,
Or ſome deepe caue, or ſolitarie ſhade;
There will I ſigh and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weep Shepheard, weep, to make my vnderſong.

7 Hence foorth mine eyes ſhall neuer more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on falſe delight

Of ought that framed is of mortall moulde,
Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight:
For all I ſee is vaine and tranſitorie,
Ne will be holde in anie ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment looſe their grace and glorie.

And ye fond men on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride:
Be ſure that they ſhall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'onely vſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in ſorrow and ſad ſufferaunce,
When ye doo heare me in that deſert place
Lamenting lowde my *Daphnes* Elegie,
Helpe me to wayle my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts, vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

And ye more happie Louers, which enioy
The preſence of your deareſt loues delight,
When ye doo heare my ſorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empaſsiond ſpright,
And thinke that ſuch miſhap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen vnto the moſt happieſt wight;
For all mens ſtates alike vnſtedfaſt be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your careleſſe flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, than did me ſucceed,
Remember yet my vndeſerued paines,

And

And when ye heare, that I am dead or ſlaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow ſwaines
That ſad *Alcyon* dyde in lifes diſdaine.

And ye faire Damſels Shepheards dere delights,
That with your loues do their rude hearts poſſeſſe,
When as my hearſe ſhall happen to your ſightes,
Vouchſafe to deck the ſame with Cypareſſe;
And euer ſprinckle brackiſh teares among,
In pitie of my vndeſeru'd diſtreſſe,
The which I wretch, endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrimes, that with reſtleſſe toyle
Wearie your ſelues in wandring deſert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes aſſoyle,
When paſsing by ye read theſe wofull layes
On my graue written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
And mourne for me that languiſh out my dayes:
Ceaſe Shepheard, ceaſe, and end thy vnderſong.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauieſt plaint that euer I heard ſound,
His cheekes wext pale, and ſprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I ſaw, I (ſtepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his ſtonie ſwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting vp aſdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face

As

As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouerpast,
And the outragious passion nigh appeased,
I him desirde, sith daie was ouercast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that sad stownd, which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leaue, he foorth did goe
With staggring pace and dismall lookes dismay,
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became I cannot weene.

FINIS.